IN MEMORIAM

感矢婆心

大美国禄女醫士 靈鑒

白门浩劫满目瘡痍三個月辛苦捨身重譯爭推女和緩

大美國禄女醫士 千古

真靈壽世

金陵布商 公奠

青塚豐碑閡心姓字五萬里清涼葬骨千秋種浔善根源

金陵布業商人仝 敬輓

Lucy A. Gaynor, M.D.

IN MEMORY OF DR. LUCY A. GAYNOR

MATTIE T. GILBERT

The loving strength of a father,
God gave to a mother soul,
And taught, with many trials,
Patience and self-control.

The early years knew sorrows,
Those nearest stood apart,
But coldness could not harden,
Only ripened her warm, true heart.

Years wrought high her courage,
Success brought hope and cheer,
Life was warmer and fuller,
With each succeeding year.

Then God sent his low, deep whisper
Into the gleaming soul;
"I've children in anguish and terror,
Waiting to be made whole."

She came, the "Beloved Physician"
To minister, comfort and bless;
The defenseless and the sinful
Received of her tenderness.

She divided her bread with the hungry
She gave her strength to the weak,
She lent her courage to faintness,
She saved those she came to seek.

Like the Master she saved and honored,
Saved others, herself could not save,
Followed His steps to the utmost,
Her life in His service, she gave.

Heap high the snow-white blossoms!
Each petal holds a tear,
Yet sorrowing, we rejoice in the welcome
We almost seem to hear,

"Enter thy glorious mansion
Prepared in ages gone,
The labors and sorrows are ended,
Thy work is all well done."

U. S. Consulate.

Lucy A. Gaynor, M.D.

In Memoriam

Dedicated to those who loved her, and to those who served with her in the help of the helpless

Nanking, China, 1912

A LIFE SKETCH

ESTHER H. BUTLER

DR. LUCY A GAYNOR [1861-1912], physician in charge of Friends Hospital at Nanking, died at the mission April 21, 1912, of typhus fever after an illness of three weeks.

Dr. Gaynor was born in Ireland. When she was scarcely more than a baby her mother came to America to visit her brothers who were in business in Philadelphia. After six months the father came but was soon stricken down with cholera and died. It was then decided that the widow with her family of four small children should remain in the States. She was assisted by her brothers and finally settled in Chicago where, being a business woman, she opened a furnishing store. She prospered and gave the boys a good education, but Lucy, who early showed a great aptness for business was thought to be most needed at home and in the store. Against this arrangement she made a protest and insisted that she be allowed to go to school with her brothers. By dint of perseverance in one way and another she kept herself in school until she had finished High school. Then the question was again up as to her returning to business. Her mother was a strong Christian character and was the admiration of her daughter, even when she herself was far from living such a life.

Doctor was converted when but a child, but later drifted away, and was for many years a backslider; but all these years she was followed by the earnest prayers of a Sabbath-school teacher, and in her twentieth year came back to the fold with full purpose of heart, and ever after, her faith was strong and unwavering. She often said "It is easy for me to believe. I came by this inheritance from mother." When she heard a call she also saw it. There was no turning her aside, and instead of going into business, she announced she was to enter college for a medical course. This was a great disappointment to the family, and again she was thrown on her own resources. The program she laid out for her years in college included so much work and necessarily so much of self-sacrifice that it was quite beyond the faith of her best friends who tried to persuade her to wait until she had earned her money and then enter college. She said, "No I will be too old, I cannot wait. It is now." and she laughed at their fears.

We must leave it with others to write more particularly of these years. It is the history of unwavering purpose and a finished vision. Two things of those years stand out in bold relief before her friends. First the wonder how with her studies and her wage-earning she found so much time to help others. Many instances can be sighted by those now living, dating back to that time, when from out her busy life, she took time and carefulness to tide individuals over crises in their lives. And secondly, that with all her difficulties in meeting obligations how now and again she boldly dashed into expense. She never denied herself what promised a better knowledge of her profession. New books, fees for extra and special lectures or other privileges that must be paid for, in these she was sure to invest. Her general rule for herself and others which we have heard her express ran thus—"Do not deny yourself nourishing food, strength you must have or you have nothing; do not cut out opportunities for the best knowledge in what ever line you have chosen, but you may cut on your pride and wear poorer clothes than others." She graduated with honors, and gained the prize of interneship in a large hospital, serving for one year. Later she took post-graduate work in Philadelphia.

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The plea for the business life again came up, at least for private practice with an office near by. But all was met with a still more clearly defined call to the foreign field. She applied to the Friends Board and was accepted. She put her letter in the Friends church and left for the field at once, reaching Nanking in September, 1892. Being the first and, with the exception of a very short period, the only woman physician in Nanking all these years down to her death, her position has been unique and full of demands from the first. The plea of the poor and the needy was too much for her kind heart and like many another healer she was pushed into service and never had her allotted time for study.

In 1896 she opened the hospital that she had planned and superintended the building of. This building has been her delight all the years since and especially the past five years since the work has had such a phenomenal enlargement. There has been almost an unbroken line going in and out its door and many tens of thousands have in these years received her personal attention.

In 1898 she opened work in Luho, making trips with the missionaries and helpers every week. These visits were never set aside for weather unless possibly the boatmen refused to row them across the river. While she was the embodiment of courage, laughing at obstacles and delighting best of all to overcome difficulties, yet dropped in among all these was that which we would least expect, a trait of caution and timidity. She never ventured into danger unless it was absolutely necessary. She would excuse herself with a sly twinkle in her eye saying, "Good people are scarce." This touch added a restraint and beauty to her character, that was very charming to those who knew her best. Formerly she had dispensaries in different places in and

about the city. But since returning from America the work in hospital and school has been so demanding that nothing else could be attempted.

On her arrival in 1907, she was met by a number of young women, who wanted to be trained for medical work and as nurses. This met with quick response from her. The more so as she had been planning such a work, believing it to be the greatest need for China's women in connection with her work. A school for nurses in Friends mission was opened in 1908, in a building adjoining the hospital.

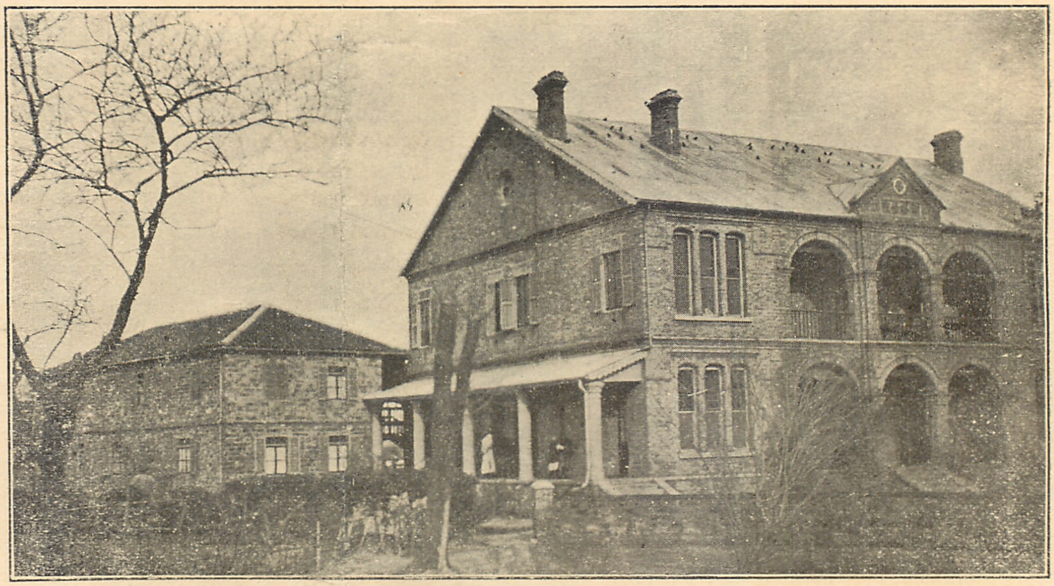
In November, 1909, this school was merged into the Union Nurse School, the six missions of Nanking entering the union. Since there was no trained nurse to take charge, the responsibility and care of the school rested upon her with such help as the Board could give. She continued in charge until March of this year.

During the enforced stay in Shanghai, at the end of last year on account of the war, Doctor was alert seeking for herself and her nurses a place of helpfulness, never satisfied to sit quietly and wait for opportunity to come her way. After giving aid in various directions she was appointed to open the new Red Cross hospital in Shanghai. This she did with the aid of her assistant, Dr. Djang, and two Bible women from the Methodist church. Her work there, though but for a very short time, was highly appreciated by the management. After a few days, word came of the fall of Nanking. She at once said "My duty is in Nanking in my own hospital." It was the choice of her friends and the mission that she wait a little. But she felt clearly to go. She promptly resigned her position. They were very urgent for her to stay, saying they would send some one else to her hospital, but she was firm.

She returned to Nanking Dec. 6th, the first woman to enter the city after its fall. This was not what she would have chosen to do aside from duty, for her timidity was in evidence and that it was a test we felt sure. Her description of her entrance on that cold, windy night, and the lonely feeling that came over her amid the desolation of the city was most touching.

Reaching home she found a number of frightened, suffering Manchu women in the compound. These, a few days after, were sent away as it was not thought best for them to remain in foreign compounds. As they went out not knowing where they were to go, with no assurance of food or shelter, the sight was most appealing, and took tremendous hold upon the Doctor's heart. As soon as possible she visited the Manchu city to know for herself the real conditions of these destitute people. What she saw made still stronger appeal to her sympathies and we soon knew that these people were laid upon her heart, and plans were taking shape in her mind, the outcome of which I cannot now speak in this sketch, its story is told in part by others. After she was taken ill, so long as she had any strength she was writing and planning for other suffering ones of whom she had a great host that were looking to her for help, and even in her delirium, mild and kind throughout, her thoughts were going out to the helpless. It was a consuming fire in her being, which she fed, and fed with her strength, her life blood, until it was all poured out and the Father called —My child thou hast done what thou couldst. Come home and rest.

Friends Mission.



FRIENDS HOSPITAL—BUILT BY DR. GAYNOR IN 1896, ALSO SHOWING THE PRESENT NURSE SCHOOL QUARTERS TO THE LEFT
The cross indicates the room in which she died.

THE HOME GOING OF DR. GAYNOR

GEORGE F. DE VOL, M.D.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Our beloved Dr. Lucy A. Gaynor has been called to her reward, well laden with sheaves. Twenty years ago she went forth, leaving home and friends and every pleasing prospect, to be a seed-sower in one of the hardest of fields.

At midnight on the morning of April 21st she laid down her life for the people she loved, for Christ's sake. We add the words "for Christ's sake" because the people were altogether unlovely for their own sake. They were the poor, down-trodden, ignorant, pitiable and dying population of the great city of Nanking. Dr. Gaynor was like other folks in some respects. She loved clean, bright, well-dressed people but her heart went out to the destitute. In spite of the fact that there was all that one doctor could do in her own hospital where the ladies of the wealthy clamored for rooms and medical treatment and in spite of warnings as to her own safety, she felt that she must go to the Manchu city and open an emergency hospital.

The people were pitiable in the extreme. The city had been burned and looted. Charred walls and ragged, half-starved people marked the site of what was formerly the ruling section of the Southern Capital. The sorrow of the people made them appreciative of the gospel and this appealed to Dr. Gaynor. Pastor Gao, who had been seeking an entrance among the Manchus since he came, worked heart and soul with the doctor, taking the utmost advantage of this great opportunity.

When the famine fever broke out among the people, the situation became exceedingly dangerous for all our workers. The hospital consisted of common native houses without wooden floors. Vermin covered the people and it is now known that typhus fever is only carried from one to another by the medium of these. But she was undaunted.

Dr. Gaynor had become much worn from constant serving and it had been decided that she should take a home

furlough at the end of the Spring season. She went to Shanghai to find, if possible, a substitute physician and had scarcely returned when her fever began.

As soon as she was taken ill Dr. William E. Macklin of the Christian Mission was called. No one could have taken a keener personal interest in her condition than he. They had worked side by side for twenty years. He knew as few others could know the power for good of Dr. Gaynor's work in Nanking. He soon called in Drs. Brown and Evans of the new Nanking Medical School who were with him on the case till the end.

On the twelfth day the patient's temperature suddenly ran up to nearly 108, and a messenger was dispatched to us giving word of the crisis. We went at once to Nanking and found that Doctor Gaynor's temperature had dropped again to its former level. She was mostly unconscious except for momentary intervals when she recognised various ones. It should be noted, however, that in her delirium her active mind was ever engaged in thoughts of mercy and duty. Day by day she lingered, sometimes giving hope and then signs of failing.

On the morning of the 20th day of her disease, her temperature dropped low and her mind cleared. She called the Chinese nurses who were at that time on duty, to her bedside. She told them she knew that she could not recover. She said, God had spoken to her and had told her that her work was now finished and that He was going to take her to be with her mother. She then sang an Allelujah Chorus which made a profound impression upon her students.

After this, her temperature gradually rose higher and higher until on Sabbath morning just after midnight it reached the unusual height of 108.8 when she passed away. Owing to the nature of her disease few were admitted to her room, but her own students and nurses were permitted to come. It would be hard to describe the anguish of soul indicated by those young women, and well they might grieve. Some had been with her for years, some had been rescued from lives of darkness and all had felt the love and power of Dr. Gaynor's life. They wept as for an own parent. They were her most precious fruitage. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth : yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them." "Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die it beareth much fruit."

She will be missed not alone by her own mission but by the whole missionary community, young and old. But who will fill her place in the hearts of the thousands of destitute and suffering whom it was her chief joy to serve? Who will follow in her train? How can one better spend a life than by laying it down for others? "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings—that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth !"

Friends Mission, Luh hoh.

Funeral Service

THE funeral service for Dr. Gaynor took place in the Friends Church on April 22nd, at 9.30 a.m. It was conducted by Pastor Gao in Chinese.

Several old friends—leading members of the missionary community—gave short addresses of an appreciative nature, extracts from which may be found on other pages. The floral decorations, the loving work of kind friends, were extremely beautiful. Many lovely flowers and wreaths were sent by the Chinese and other members of Dr. Gaynor's large circle of acquaintance.

LUCY A. GAYNOR, M.D.

TRIBUTES GIVEN AT THE FUNERAL AND MEMORIAL SERVICES

Historical Sketch

REV. W. J. DRUMMOND

Dr. Gaynor was of Irish birth. This accounts for her warm, loyal heart and impulsive disposition which we all knew so well. She was but a child when the family came to America and finally settled in Chicago. Her father died when she was still quite young, leaving his widow with three boys and this one girl to care for and educate. Her mother did not see the need of her training and education as she did for the brothers so she was thrown on her own resources for working out her aspirations for an education and worked her own way through high school and medical college. Yet, notwithstanding this handicap she graduated with honors and obtained in a contest the coveted prize of interne in the Chicago Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Her indomitable perseverance obtained for her the name of "No way, make a way." This same spirit also characterized all her work in China. Her call to the mission field was clear and she never once doubted but that it was of God. Her family could not bring themselves to sympathize with her in this choice of a life-work. She came to Nanking in September, 1892, and had thus been connected with mission work twenty years in all, including furloughs at home.

While in America she spent a large part of her time as a field secretary for the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the M. E. Church, to which denomination she formerly belonged. In this work she was one of the most successful workers that Board ever had. She was thus able to stay with her mother until the latter's death, a privilege for which she was very grateful.

After her mother's death she again returned to her work in China, arriving in 1907.

On her fiftieth birthday she expressed the hope that she still had ten years more to work for the women and children of China, but this was not to be, for the Lord had work for her elsewhere.

Her last message to her Chinese Christian sisters was, " Be true to Christ. He is altogether lovely. He has filled my soul with peace."

Presbyterian Mission.

Her Work for the Community

REV. A. J. BOWEN

Dr. Gaynor's work for this community was unique in three aspects:

It was unique in its amount—the quantity. It can be said of all of our physicians that they belong to no one mission but to the whole community, and this could be especially said of Dr. Gaynor. We all felt free to call upon her for help, and no weariness, no anxious burdens, detained her from immediate response. She had unusual capacity for work of the hardest kind, and thus she served us largely.

Her work in the community was unique in its quality—it was so whole-hearted, so wholesome, so cheerfully given. Her visits whether professional or business or social were always as a tonic and left you stronger and better, inspired to a higher grade of work, with a more optimistic outlook.

Her work for the community was unique in its spirit. No man in the community was more broad-minded, no woman was more tender-hearted, and these qualities enabled her to enter into the whole life and activity of the community as few can, and they gave her that peculiar influence over us which we are all cognizant of in this our hour of loss. The spirit of her whole life and work was in the direction of making our common tasks and work a spiritual service to God. She hungered for the souls of men and women and exalted Christ at all times.

She was ever seeking new and better opportunities to serve this community—Chinese and foreign. Her nurses' training school is but an example. She felt hampered in her service for us by lack of qualified nurses. With characteristic energy she set about relieving that lack. She organized her school on broad lines for she wanted to be the servant of all, and during the few

years of its existence it has been of the greatest value to this community. She was beginning to talk of her plans for a union woman's medical school, and had she lived no doubt it would have been started by her. In her special work in the Manchu City she was doing a labor of love for us all, not because she had more time than the rest of us, not because she had more strength, but because she had more love for the poor, more of burning zeal for service. I venture to say that her three months work there has done more for the cause of Christ—for Christian missions—than the work of years of most of the rest of us. Through it she was able to actively interest some of the best business men of the city. From observing her work, her self-sacrifice, her love, her honesty, her constant and frank exalting of Christ, they, no doubt, obtained more and truer conceptions of Christianity and what missionaries really mean by the "Jesus doctrine," than they could have done by listening to years of formal preaching, and perhaps, this is one of the largest services for this community she did, giving a visible and tangible illustration of what Christianity is in its actual workings.

Can we not all, as we think of her going in and out among us, say of her work for this community: *That* is Christianity; *that* is what it means to be a Christian; that is what we all really mean though we fail to exhibit or express it so well?

Methodist Mission.

Dr. Gaynor as a Physician

W. E. MACKLIN, M. D.

I can hardly realize that my friend and co-laborer, Dr. Gaynor has gone to her reward. I do not know how we can get along without her. We shall miss her jovial, cheerful comradeship and her effective enthusiasm. We are largely forgetting sectarian differences in Nanking and are trying to work shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy and for the good of all. In our co-operation we shall sadly miss Dr. Gaynor. We had a good division of service. She cared for the peculiar needs of the women and left us free for the general work and that among men. She has saved many lives among the women and given much comfort. She was peculiarly well-fitted for her chosen work. Like most of those who have been obliged to struggle for an education she was well-qualified. It was a great hardship for a woman to work hard in business in order to get through high school, and then to secure a first-class medical degree in Chicago.

Nothing could check her zeal for medicine, and no hindrance could keep her from the mission field when she had heard the call of God, and she did years of good work. She was at home four years and during that time her mother was ailing and finally went to her rest. Doctor Gaynor did all she could in these last years to comfort and help make happy the declining years of her aged parent. This filial sentiment appeals to us as well as to the Chinese.

Years ago there was an awful epidemic of cholera in Nanking. All the men doctors were away and Dr. Gaynor alone organized a campaign of relief. I came down from the hills and assisted her. We posted the city with placards showing the cause of cholera and the preventive and curative measures to be used. Medicine was distributed at all chapels and dispensaries. In all, medicine was given to about 50,000 persons. She had no thought of self, but "went about doing good."

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She was called to the homes of rich as well as poor and all were treated with equal kindness. The daughter of the Viceroy Twan Fang was in a serious condition. She was called and relieved the case. Several hundred dollars worth of valuable silks were given as a present. The doctor sold them and used the money in the hospital and nurse school.

Dr. Gaynor early saw the need of nurses for the Chinese women and organized a union nurse school which is doing most excellent work, not only among Chinese but among foreigners, and the best thing we could do would be to erect a nurse school in her memory.

When Nanking was taken by the Revolutionists the Tartars were looted and their homes destroyed. In spite of overwork in hospital and nurse school she threw herself into relief work, running a hospital dispensary and industrial work for Tartars and poor Chinese.

She gave her life for others as did the Master. She caught typhus fever from a patient and died a heroine of the mission field. "A good life leaves a fragrance for a thousand years." Such are the lives that will bring the kingdom of God to China.

Christian Mission.

The Ruling Motive in Her Life

REV. H. F. ROWE

It is not mere eulogy to say that in many respects Dr. Gaynor was a remarkable woman. Her strong character, her genuineness, her earnestness, has appealed to all who have had the good fortune to know her. The words we have heard from this platform to-day in appreciation represent the feeling of this whole community; if there ever was anyone in Nanking with whom she did not get along, if there ever was anyone who did not admire and respect her I have never heard of it. One recalls with what fervor those who had been near to her were wont to speak her praise, and there were never any but words of praise. When she was taken ill and there was known to be danger of her not recovering a great fear took hold of us all, and when she had gone we wondered how we should ever do without her.

Dr. Gaynor had in a remarkable degree the love and respect of the Chinese who knew her. I have never heard more sincere and earnest praise for any foreigner than the words spoken by her Chinese friends. We have all doubtless heard of the almost agonizing prayers they offered for her recovery. Thus, she had made for herself a unique place in our hearts; she had gained an influence over some of us that we hope will never cease; she stood out among the women we knew as a type

of the best that Christian womanhood can become.

It will be profitable for us to consider the moving power which could make such a life possible. What the ruling motive of her life was, can not be put in a sentence. It seemed to me to center around her loyalty to Christ, though that statement needs to be explained in the light of what it seemed to mean to her. It will occur to us all that the *name* of Christ was not always on her lips; she did not testify continually in words that she sought to serve Him, though she did not fail to confess Him. There was rather the spirit of testimony to this fact and it was more constant and convincing than mere words could have been. To Dr. Gaynor, loyalty to Christ meant faithful and unceasing service. She toiled, sacrificed, and died for the Chinese because Christ died for them and they ought to belong to Him. She comforted them, healed them, and loved them because Christ first loved them. She seemed to me to personify Paul's word, "I live, and yet not I, but Christ which liveth in me." It was this determination to serve in loyalty to Christ which enabled her to manifest that quality of genuineness which appealed to us all and which one Chinese gentleman expressed when he said that Dr. Gaynor was "true." It was her conception of loyalty to Christ that lent to all her service an enthusiasm so contagious and an optimism so inspiring that where she led none feared to follow. Her unselfishness was the result of there being no self to serve. "Love took up the harp of life," love to Christ and love for poor needy humans for whom He died—

"Love took up the harp of life
And smote on all the chords with might.
Smote the chord of self that trembling
Passed in music out of sight."

Such loyalty to Christ seems to me to have been the ruling motive in Dr. Gaynor's life.

Methodist Mission.

Lessons from Her Life

REV. FRANK GARRETT

All that has been said to-day by the various speakers regarding Dr. Gaynor, her life and work, is full of lessons for us. If we would make special mention of the things from which we should more than from others learn our lessons of life, we would call attention to the following.

The determination and energy by which she in her early years overcame all obstacles in the way of obtaining her education and making adequate preparation for her life work. The care of her health and physical energies so that she had the strength to do what her large heart planned.

Her faith in God. Her belief in His call and guidance, and that He would provide the ways and means for the accomplishment of His work if we but do our part.

Her faith in man. We often heard her express her love and confidence in her fellow workers and her trust in the native goodness of the common people. She was not given to criticism. She had a great influence in bringing men and missions into closer relationship in the work of the Master. Always loyal to her first church, Methodist, she was perfectly devoted to her mission, Friends. She served the one Master and led others unitedly into this service.

While others of us delight in planning and want our plans well perfected before we commence our work, and even when they are completed may be too busy to execute them Dr. Gaynor went forward with the work, believing the plans could best be developed *while* we work. She planned *and* worked.

She was, like the Master, much interested in training others as is witnessed by her medical students and the Nurses' Training School.

Her life was a lesson in prayer. She prayed and received.

In love she was an example. All her work was prompted by love. She did not hestitate to express her love in innumerable ways. The Chinese all knew Dr. Gaynor loved them. Nothing else could account for her tireless activities for them.

Finally, we learn that fulness and perfection of life and service do not depend upon length of days. Who would think of saying that Dr. Gaynor's life was not full and complete. Her perfection was found not in length of days, but in Him who came that we might have abundant life in all its beauty and fullness, through His grace.

Christian Mission.

Other Lessons

REV. G. H. MALONE

On this sad occasion I hardly know what to say. We mourn with those who mourn as we think of her who sleeps in yonder cemetery.

"The tree is known by its fruits." One of the many lessons which we may learn from the life of Dr. Gaynor is the way she gave her life complete, concentrated and death-defying to Jesus Christ and to her fellow men.

She went about doing good, repeating His work, breathing His Spirit, preaching His gospel and healing the sick, not so much as a professional or missionary but from an irrepressible sympathy with souls who were in need, and because she was a believing, loving and Christ-adoring woman. So completely was her life given to Christ she could say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

It may not be out of place to mention a brief conversation I had with one of our oldest orphan boys. The evening of the day Dr. Gaynor was buried the boy seemed very much broken up. Thinking he was ill I called him to my study. For some time I could not get him to answer me, but when he did answer, he began to sob and said, "Why couldn't I have died instead of Dr. Gaynor? She did so much good. She was so kind to us when we went to her for treatment. I wish God had allowed me to die and her to live." I simply mention this for I think it is the feeling of not a few.

Another lesson we may learn is her love for suffering humanity. Her motto must have been, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind and with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." She was never content with having purposes in her heart but sought to put them out in beneficent acts. In her love for others she forgot herself. She will live long in the hearts of all who knew her.

We mourn our loss, but we look forward to that day of days when we with her will come, bringing our sheaves with us and join in the glorious coronation song with every kindred, tribe, tongue and nation and crown Him Lord of all. Until that day dawns and the shadows flee away there will be death, sorrow and pain, but our hope is bright with the promises of God, and His Word comforts us in our deepest sorrow.

Adventist Christian Mission.

A Tribute from her Pastor

GAO SI DJUH

As I have known and heard of Dr. Gaynor's life it has been one of loving service, continually having love and thought for the poor and grief-laden, this because God's love had come to her heart. In her daily service she constantly used strength and faithfulness, counting nothing too hard or too bitter that she might complete God's will, even down to the end when she gave her life for the poor and those who could not help themselves. She was surely a faithful servant, wise in her day and now with light trimmed and burning has entered into the feast with the Bridegroom. She did not work for merit but the oil of the Spirit was in her blood and now that she has ceased from her labors, others will pour out this oil which will run down into hearts and she will live for service in the hearts of many. As I see it our sister was like the man who

received the five talents. Her resources and ability to plan, act and finish were far beyond the average; even among men of ability she was not surpassed. In all her plans she counted to the finish, never feared any obstacles nor thought of stopping at any half-way place. In this she was as one with the five talents, busy and busy to a purpose.

In work as a doctor she was earnest to be faithful using her ability to bring life and salvation, so honoring the master who had given the talents. True, in years, she had not reached the limit of the five talents, but looking to what she had accomplished she had gone far beyond.

Above all other things in her life that influenced me and took hold upon my life more care, the aged and specially helpless were given their dues, while the younger when cured were pushed out to make their own way. Her wisdom and insight were very wonderful. It was hard for anyone to stand before her and deceive. There were those who were very ungrateful, treated her unkindly, but when trials came to them and they came to her, they were treated with all their unkindness forgotten. The filth of homes nor the fear of contagion never for a moment lessened her zeal nor kept her from following the love instinct of her heart.

I myself have seen her great devotion and earnestness in using her skill and heard her fervent prayers for those whose diseases were very heavy. This all seemed by chance she would finish her work a little early instead of going home she would go outside to visit other places, seeking the poor and needy and trying to comfort and help. So she went day after day until she had given her life, and now she rests.

When she was on her sick bed she said: "I do not regret what I have done for those poor people It is far better to give a life for others than to keep it for yourself." This word is burned upon my heart and I am sure that it is in many other hearts like a fire. She bore the cross with Christ here and now has entered in, obtaining her crown of everlasting joy. We can but say this is her rightful reward.

Friends Mission.

MEDICAL WORKERS AND NURSE STUDENTS AT THE GRAVE

was the trait of love. It was truly from God, or it could not have been so freely given for others. This love was never failing and always given without respect of persons. Just as free to the poor as to the rich, for our people as for her own.

In the hospital she opened for the poor in the Manchu City we saw that it was not alone for the sick body she thought and cared for, but she looked after their food, for their comfort in sleeping. She remembered down to the smallest things, neither was she careless in putting out her love and care. She carefully looked into each case though they ran up to many thousands. Those that should be given very wonderful to the Chinese, and they would often say to me, Why does Dr. Gaynor love us this way? Is not this proof that it was the love of God? Our love does not do those things.

Another thing very much took hold upon me—her diligence—always giving out strength for all. Her own hospital was a great work in which she had much toil and weariness, but besides she opened the people's free hospital in the Manchu City for the poor, adding as much again to her work; but she did not count any of these things, often going with only a light lunch for the noonday meal and not getting home until 9:00 o'clock in the evening. If

MEMORIAL SERVICE

NELLIE E. DOW

On Sunday, April 28th, a memorial service for Dr. Gaynor was held in the University Chapel. The large number which assembled in spite of pouring rain, was one proof of the esteem in which she was held by the people of our community.

The church was beautifully decorated, and music touching and appropriate was rendered by a mixed quartette.

Representatives of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Christian and Advent Missions, gave brief addresses eulogizing the beautiful life burned out so early in the service for

others. The substance of these addresses is found largely in other columns.

It is customary among the Chinese to present eulogizing scrolls at funerals. The cloth merchants of Nanking wished to give such an one to commemorate Dr. Gaynor, and being unable to have it finished in time for the funeral, it was brought for the memorial service and hung over the pulpit. (See front cover for reproduction of this scroll.) Several of the prominent merchants were present at the service and one of the number explained the meaning of the inscription on the scroll. The following is the translation:—

The side lines:—

"Within the White City, how vast was the ruin,
The starving, the wounded were everywhere seen.
In suffering and hardship, three months did she labor,
Then gave up her life for those she had served.
She came from afar, in contests of healing.
She easily ranks with our Ho and our Huan.
Her grave will be green and stone most befitting,
Will call to our minds her name and her place.
Fifty thousand long li she came from her homeland.
On Ch'ing Liang hills we bury her bones.
For thousands of years the harvest will last. From seeds of goodness sown in our midst."

The four characters across the top mean:—
"In gratitude for her display of motherliness."

The four characters down the center mean:—
"Her true spirit will live as long as the world."

This Chinese speaker dwelt particularly upon the first large character in the center of the scroll, which means "True." He sought to impress upon all that which they already knew, that she was genuine, was true, no deceit nor fraud in her. Perhaps the most touching sentence in his address was this—"She died for us, she died for us." No higher tribute to her loving service could be given and may many prove themselves worthy of her sacrifice.

NOTE.—("White City" is an old name for Nanking. "Ho" and "Huan" were famous Chinese doctors.)

Adventist Christian Mission.

Testimonial

MR. HWANG

I have only known Dr. Gaynor since the work began at the temporary hospital in the Manchu City now three months ago, but I know that all through these months Dr. Gaynor has labored from morning light until late at night, allowing herself no minutes of time for rest. In this beneficent work for the starving, sick and suffering she has succored as one lifts the drowning from a deep well.

Our rulers are constantly saying to us. "Do not separate between Manchu and Chinese. Look upon all as one people." One from another country has come among us and obeyed this command. Dr. Gaynor, of another race, of another country, 10,000 miles away has come over, walked among us doing good. Whether we be rich or poor, Manchu or Chinese, she does not ask.

In her love and mercy she has reached down to the small things that are our sorrows, and has used her strength, lifting our burden, until it is all gone. These are our brothers and sisters, our race, our color, and in our country. Dr. Gaynor was not ours, not of us, but she made us all her own.

We have seen, we have felt, we know, but alas, she is gone and our regrets and sorrow are heavy upon us! May her example before us help us to see our lives like a looking glass, for when I look carefully I fear our love and mercy are growing less.

But I cannot speak longer. The casket that holds the body of our friend and helper stands without, soon to be carried to the grave. The thought of this makes it impossible for me to speak words that tell my heart meaning. I speak these words for my brothers in the Guild whose hearts are heavy with mine.

Cloth Merchants' Guild, Nanking.

IN THE MANCHU CITY

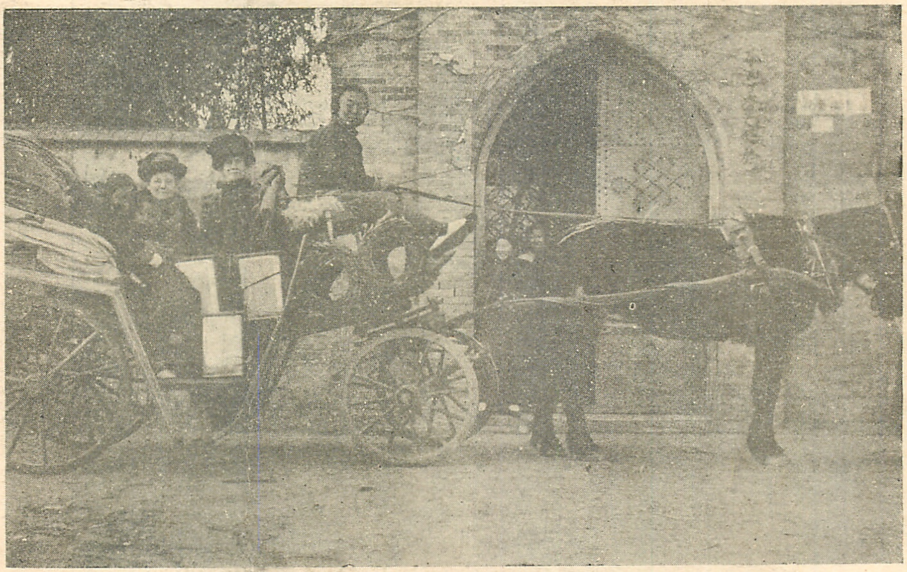
MRS. FRANCES DRUMMOND

In December of 1911, when the Republican soldiers entered Nanking, the destruction of the Manchu city began. Ten thousand Manchus, supported by the State, had lived in this spacious and comfortable quarter. To-day three thousand destitute refugees with but uninhabitable ruins are all that are left. Where the remainder are we do not know, but one sad fact remains—that all the young Manchu girls and women have disappeared. The city is a heap of ruin. "Not one stone shall be left upon another," said the great Prophet, and His words have been fulfilled in this proud Manchu city.

Into this scene of desolation and destruction came Dr. Gaynor after her return from Shanghai last December, immediately after the siege. Shelter had already been given to a number of fleeing Manchus, but no extended form of relief had as yet been begun. Dr. Gaynor's heart was moved with that great compassion so characteristic of her, and she with a few others began the rescue.

Appeals were made for money, but before this came she was already at work, her strong hands reached out to the wretched, starving, dying people.

So the work began. Money and help were supplied by friends and by the Chinese guild of cloth merchants of the city. Coffins were bought to bury the dead; the women still left were set to work to make clothing and bedding; a refuge was provided to shelter about two hundred, a dispensary improvised and the Red Cross flag raised overhead. Thus began a ministry of three months, that ended only when disease attacked the unselfish minister of these mercies. At first, every day, way across



STARTING FOR THE MANCHU CITY

the city she came bringing stores of medicine from her own hospital. A few ladies of other Missions assisted her. But for nearly a month she bore the greater share of the burden alone. Then a young Chinese woman—a nurse trained in her own school, came to her relief. Her joy was great to receive this trained assistance.

The photograph below does not show her at her best, but to the writer those outstretched hands of mercy are more beautiful than any artist has shown on canvas.

No one knows what filth, misery and degradation are in this sad, sin-stricken world of ours until he has seen what she saw, and helped what she helped. It was there while ministering to the needy crowd who thronged the dispensary that some of the vermin crept on her from the filth around. She realized her danger, and on returning home expressed her fear to some of her friends.

AT CLINIC IN THE MANCHU CITY

At the end of the allotted five days a chill came on, then fever, and the strong. able, helpful body was laid on its bed of pain and struggle, for the dread typhus poison entered her blood. When it was known by her physician that she had that dreaded disease, typhus, she quietly said, "if it be typhus and I die, I do not regret. I have done all I could."

Her friends thought her body so strong and vigorous that she would soon be able to throw off the poison. Lovingly she was cared for, and a stream of prayer went to heaven for her life.

Three weeks she struggled, a hard fight —then light seemed to come, and hope, but they were but transient. Towards the last day she roused up and said, "You think I am better but I have heard the Lord calling and am going."

"Alleluiah! Alleluiah! Alleluiah!
The strife is o'er, the battle's done,
The victory of life is won. Alleluiah!"

The first line of this verse she sang out triumphantly.

Only a few more hours and the great change came—her soul took its victorious flight. We remain longer and miss our dear friend and doctor, from whose hands we have received so many a loving service.

As we stood around her grave, we could not weep. Jesus said, "Thy brother shall rise again." Oh! the depth of the reality of those words that came to our hearts that hour.

She is not dead. She is with us still. Her influence is at work, and no doubt she can now plead yet more fervently for the women of Nanking whom she so much loved, so truly served.

Presbyterian Mission.

THE END OF THE WORK IN THE MANCHU CITY

MRS. A. S. ROE

Toward the end of March, funds for the work in the Manchu City were running low, and Dr. Gaynor found herself face to face with the problem of the future. Every instinct of her being recoiled from the thought of sending forth these people who clung to her as their friend in need, into the same hopeless condition of things, from which they had been rescued. But some means must be devised by which expenses could be curtailed *and*—this was more important still—by which the slack and shiftless Manchus might be inspired with more desire, and greater energy to do something for themselves.

Only a few days before Dr. Gaynor was taken ill, she had thought out a scheme by which both these objects might, in some measure, be attained. From a given date —the 1st of April—a certain wage should be paid out daily for all work done—sewing, knitting, cooking—as the case might be. All, except the sick, had their appointed tasks and all except the sick must buy their own food with their daily earnings. The scheme bid fair to work out satisfactorily. Manchu women, who hitherto had failed to see much object in work of any kind took a different view of the matter, when the question became one of rice or no rice. It was, however, inevitable that knotty points of discussion should arise. So great was Dr. Gaynor's power of leadership, that we had grown to depend on her judgment in all difficult matters. We felt ourselves 'lost' without her. Day by day our sick list inceased in numbers, and she, in whose medical skill one and all had the utmost confidence, was sick herself and unable to come. Then, but a few days later, the word went forth, which rang like a death knell in the ears of those who had watched and waited for her coming, that there was little hope of her recovery, practically none! As to her work in the Manchu City all felt it would be impossible to continue it with any chance of success without her aid. From first to last she had been the moving spirit of the whole concern. To add still further to the difficulties confronting us, typhus fever had broken out in our midst. By all concerned, it was considered advisable to close the work as soon as this could be achieved. At a meeting attended by influential members of the "Cloth Guild" a further sum of money was contributed for use amongst our Manchu people and with the aid of these extra funds, an arrangement became possible by which each worker on leaving was presented with two dollars apiece in compensation for a month's possible earnings. With great generosity, those in charge of two of the Nanking Mission schools, undertook the care of eleven of our young girls, and for the sick, various means of help were adopted.

Thus Dr. Gaynor's work in the Manchu City came to an end. Nay, for the end is

not yet, though the story in its details, the "little nameless unremembered acts of kindness and of love" and all that counts for so much in the eternal scheme of things, may never be fully told until the "day dawn, and the shadows flee away."

The Last Day

She was tired, one could see it in her face, but she refused to admit it. So much was on her heart to be done right then and there on that Sunday afternoon. She had tended the sick, had dispensed the necessary medicines, and given directions on this matter and on that. She had led the singing of the hymns, she had spoken words of cheer and comfort to the eager crowd gathered round, she had praised where praise was deserved, reproved with equal justice, admonished, encouraged, stimulated as the case might be, and smiled upon us all with that happy joyous smile of hers which warmed one's heart to see. And now, nothing would content her but to go into the highways and by-ways of the ruined city to carry her message of life and hope to the poor destitute ones in those so-called "refuges"—the half demolished houses amongst the broken walls. In those haunts of indescribable squalor, many were sick, and some lay dying. Only the night before, under one single roof death—busy in their midst—had carried away no fewer than six.

The Chinese helper who went with Dr. Gaynor that afternoon said that there was something—she could hardly tell what—peculiarly impressive about the way in which she passed from one to the other amongst the sick and the dying. She spoke but little. Now and again, she stood by the side of a recumbent figure, silently, as one in prayer. Then laying her soothing hand on the feverish brow murmured a word of comfort. "My heart aches for you" she said. "If I can, I will come again."

More than once they heard her say more to herself than to them "Oh, these poor, suffering people! Who will help them in their need!"

"Come to me to morrow!" she said, "all you who can, and I will give you medicine."

The people, cheered and helped by her presence, looked after her wistfully, and when she had gone, they felt in some indefinable way as though a beauteous being from another and a better world had passed through their midst.

Dr. Gaynor's Work

Here was a single American lady doctor, Dr. Gaynor, with her Chinese woman-assistant, working with heart and soul to help and bless these poor destitute and despised Manchus. There were children at school, men and women listening to the preaching of the gospel, while the doctor, in her improvised dispensary, was caring for the bodies of the sick, yet longing, as she said, that the Great Physician would heal the soul as well. To the honor of the Chinese, be it said, the Chinese merchants are supplying the cloth, and the Republican Government the rice, necessary for this work of mercy.

No words can describe the scene, or the impression received, as one entered upon that oasis of mercy in the midst of a desert of destruction. Dr. Gaynor is of Irish extraction, and seemed an overflowing fountain of love and life. She was simply full of irrepressible joy in her work; and as she almost reluctantly paused for a few moments from her labors to greet us, she said: "We go home right tired after a day of this, but with a something in our hearts that money cannot buy." Though I photographed the scene, the dispensary was far too dark, and the group which posed in order in the courtyard, lost more than half its orginal force. But the mental picture is one that will live; and the good work that is being done has already begun to open the hearts of a people who have resolutely resisted and prevented work among them in the past.

[Extract from an article on the Manchu City by Marshall Broomhall in *The Christian* London.]

APPRECIATIONS

"Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness.
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves."

Yes, I thought (as Dr. Gaynor sang the hymn with her usual fervor) and that is just what she is *doing!* Were we not afraid of her going beyond her strength as we watched her doctoring men, women, and children and attending to their eternal interests as well; sometimes not leaving the desolated Manchu city till after dark? Aristotle long ago said, "there is no great genius without some mixture of madness, nor can anything grand or superior be spoken, except by the agitated soul."

Only eternity will reveal the harvest from the many cups of cold water she gave, for Him, to the poor and needy ones in this dark land.

She was so full of praise, and hope in God—an inspiration to those of us who were privileged to work with her.

MRS. HERBERT TAYLOR

Dr. Gaynor was an unusual combination of a strong body, a strong mind and a beautiful spirit. She was always hopeful, optimistic and ever ready to see the good, and not the bad, in others.

Her seeming forgetfulness of self in her work was remarkable. She was always ready to encourage and help others. The memory of her life and her work, will be an example and an encouragement to all who knew her, and her last work and death was a concrete example of Christian love, which will certainly make an impression on heathen as well as Christians in this community.

R. T. SHIELDS, M.D.

It was in September, 1895, that I first met Dr. Gaynor—I had that day just arrived in China—She had come to Shanghai to look up some special points regarding the hospital she was about to build, and she took me around with her that day, visiting hospitals. She was so cordial, so abounding in life and energy and in good will to everybody that she won my heart at once. She was so capable, that I became her constant admirer. In all the years since, when from time to time her life has touched mine, it has always been as if I had come into contact with some dynamic force. She seemed to embody the fulfillment of the promise of "Life—abundant life."

They say that she is dead, and for a few short hours we mourned her as dead. But she is not dead. How could such a thing be true of Dr. Gaynor? She lives and always will live. The influences of her earthly life are about us and these go out in ever widening circles. She now lives Beyond and we know she is serving her Lord with gladness. We shall no longer mourn, but rejoice with her in her new and joyous task.

GERTRUDE TAFT, M.D.

The low man sees a little thing to do,
Sees it, and does it.
The high man seeks a great thing to pursue.
Dies, ere he knows it.

Even wanderers on the face of the earth like myself, can bear testimony to the far-reaching influence of Dr. Gaynor's magnetic personality. Her work amongst the outcast Manchus inspired, as it was, by bright visions of the future, possessed in no small degree, that dynamic force which carries all before it.

I look back to the end of her last long day in the ruined city. She had accomplished treble the amount of work of any of us there. Yet as we stood in the gathering darkness, bidding her farewell, she said with a sigh: "All that troubles me is that I cannot take from you the whole burden of everything."

"But," we answered, "that is exactly what you *are* doing." In those last days, she thought out many plans, joyously picturing them in their fulfilment. The way seemed to open out more clearly before her, and it led—though we knew it not—beyond the confines of the world.

A. S. R.

THE UNION NURSES' TRAINING SCHOOL

ETHEL BROWN GARRETT

Many have remarked since Dr. Gaynor left us, that the establishment of the Nurses' Training school in Nanking was the crowning work of her life. We want you to know more about this school, not only because it is an important work in itself, but because with doctor away, on whose help and counsel we have so long depended, we shall doubly need your sympathy and prayers.

Dr. Gaynor was a woman of vision. Years ago she saw the wide open door and the unlimited possibilities in the nurse's work, for China's suffering women. For her to see was to act; and she soon had gathered about her a class of girls, herself assuming the entire responsibility for their support and training. As the work grew and prospered and the girls proved their aptness for nursing, Dr. Gaynor, who was already overburdened with her various phases of medical work, urged the co-operation of the other missions of the city. It was her desire to make it a union enterprise and to go to work in earnest for the thorough preparation of large numbers of girls for practical nursing among their own people, and in the foreign homes wherever needed. She believed that physicians might in this way greatly extend their usefulness, and multiply themselves many times.

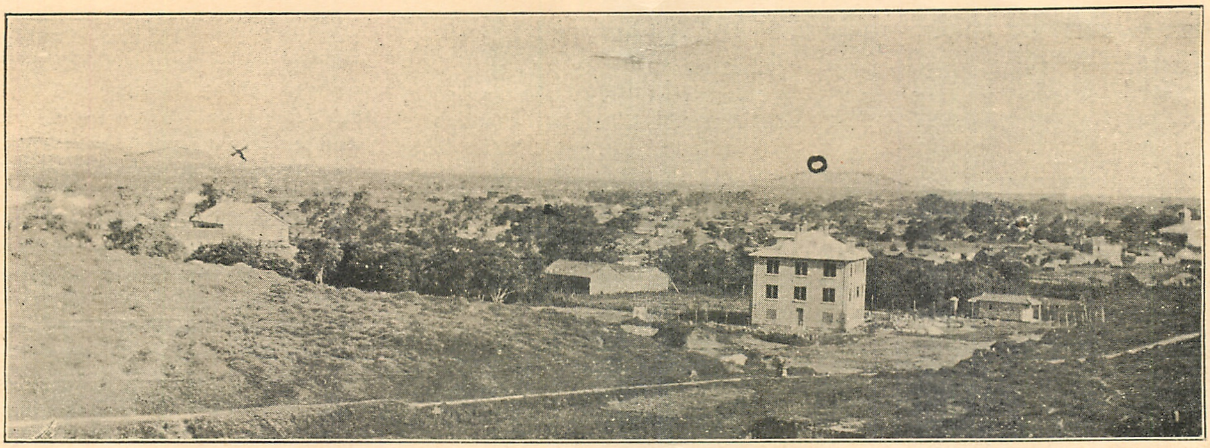
Dr. Gaynor's enthusiasm was always contagious, and it was not long before her cherished dream came true, and the union was consummated. A simple building, pictured in the cut below, was erected by Dr. Gaynor as a hospital adjunct, and when the school was formally opened as a union institution in 1909 the Friends mission very kindly loaned us this building as a temporary home for the nurses. The building consists of dormitory accommodations for twenty students, dining and sitting rooms, class rooms, baths, laundry, kitchens and a diet kitchen for practical instruction in preparing food for the sick. Thus you will see that the building, the class, as well as a well thought out plan for growth and enlargement were Dr. Gaynor's. Some of us are loath to part with our hard-earned laurels, but it was like the Doctor to count herself and her wishes as nought for what she considered the best interests of the work. How well I remember her beaming face on that "opening day" as she conducted the streams of guests through the nicely swept rooms, beautifully decorated by the girls for the occasion. The little iron beds were all dressed in white and the whole place had a comfortable, home-like appearance; while the nurses in their neat caps and uniforms were everywhere looking to the comfort of the many who had assembled to do honor to the occasion. "This is a part of their training," said doctor, "we want them to learn the secret of service in all its aspects." There were speeches by Chinese and foreigners, congratulations and promises of material aid for the school, and the company separated feeling that a real work of love and philanthropy was on its way to success.

Little did we realize what an all-wise Providence had led us to this hour; that for her who had been the inspiring influence of the school since its inception, the shadows were already lengthening, and other hands must be preparing to assume the responsibility before the sun should set.

The management of the school was vested in a Board of Directors, consisting of one from each mission represented in the union. These ladies meet once a month to review the work of the school and to devise ways and means. A definite course of study was planned, which with the entrance standard required, can be covered in three years. Most of the girls being too poor to pay their own way, a number of scholarships have been secured for them, $30.00, gold per year, being sufficient to cover cost of everything, including uniforms.

It was soon seen that a foreign nurse to to give her whole time to the school must be secured if the work was to go forward as we hoped. To meet this expense it was decided to ask each Board represented in the union (six at this time) to provide $100, gold, annually, for five years. This was readily accomplished and our trained nurse, Miss Frances Harris, came out in the Autumn of 1910 and has been busy on the language and helping as she could in the work. In the meantime Dr. Gaynor retained the superintendency while her first Chinese assistant helped all she could with the teaching. Also different members of the Board have rendered valuable assistance in teaching, besides the courses of lectures given by resident physicians. The Friends hospital for women and children and the two other hospitals in the city have given the nurses experience in practical hospital work from the very beginning of their course of study. We cannot speak too highly of Dr. Gaynor's splendid influence among the girls. She was not only definite

FRONT VIEW OF UNION NURSE SCHOOL



The building in the foreground marked O is our new foreign hospital not yet complete. The one in the distance marked X is the Friends Mission hospital. The strip of land we wish to buy for the Dr. Gaynor Memorial Nurses' School lies just between and joins the two compounds.

and thorough in her teaching, wishing them to have the best and most up-to-date methods, but above all it was her earnest desire that they might develop into strong Christian characters, who might acquire the touch of the great Healer in their ministry. To this end she labored incessantly and with what success is shown in a marked religious attitude in the school. To be sure the girls are human and have still much to overcome in their lives, but somehow Dr. Gaynor knew just how and when to touch the secret springs and bring out the best that was in them. For instance, I recall a day of seemingly serious discord in the ranks. There had been some misunderstanding with the head assistant, and the girls were on a strike, remaining obdurate for days. Doctor called them together and they had a meeting which lasted for hours. I do not know what she said, but the girls came forth from that room with a new light in their faces and all was peace and harmony. Ah, dear teacher, for many a day will these who loved you

"Long for the touch of a vanished hand
and the sound of a voice that is still."

Our present school numbers eighteen. We are still in our borrowed home which is crowded almost to its limits. We would here mention a gift of two years ago, made for the erection of a private hospital and presented to the Nurses School to be used for foreigners. This will be completed and ready for occupancy in the Autumn, when Miss Harris will live there and take over the entire superintendency of the nurses. It is believed that this will fill a long felt want, as heretofore there has been no place in the mission hospitals where foreigners could conveniently be received and treated. This building is well located near the present home of the nurses and the Friends hospital, and will derive its support, it is hoped, from fees alone.

All things considered, our sky seemed bright. New equipment was being added from time to time. Many applications were coming in from hospitals who had girls ready to train. We could have many more if we had not the higher educational requirements for entrance. The school's reputation for thorough work seemed to be finding its way abroad and the splendid work of the girls in nursing in homes about the city, had been greatly appreciated besides helping in the financial support of the institution. We were beginning to look forward to a permanent home with room for growth, when a dark cloud appeared on our horizon and Dr. Gaynor was taken ill with typhus fever. Many were apprehensive from the beginning, for typhus is a deadly foe and doctor was worn with her ceaseless vigils. But the Lord is all powerful and a hush seemed to fall over the city, as thousands of voices rose as one that the precious life might be spared. "How can we spare her from the Nurses' School"? said one as anxiety grew deeper. The nurses vied with each other in loving service. On the last night as the shadows were closing in, she suddenly opened her eyes and smiled in recognition at the nurse at her bed-side who had just that day arrived, and thus smiling our doctor passed on into the great brightness.

Thy blessed will be done.

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seems to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps."

And what of the future of our school? Can you realize what it means to us who are not doctors or nurses, but have had to feel our way carefully into a sympathetic understanding of the needs of the work to have thus suddenly removed the one on whose wisdom and counsel we had leaned so hard? Truly does the work need you and your prayers at this time.

This morning I stood with Miss Butler at an upper window of their mission hospital looking out over that coveted strip of land (see cut) between the Friends hospital and our new foreign hospital. It was at this self same spot that Dr. Gaynor had stood, not many days before, as she remarked to Miss Butler—,,We must have that land it is just the spot for the permanent home of our Nurses' School." She had spoken of this many times before, and in as much as it was her last expressed wish for her loved work it seems fitting that this enlargement to meet the immediate needs of the school should be attempted as the best possible memorial to her. To this end a committee has already been appointed to look into the matter of the purchase of the land, and at no distant day we hope so have a commodious building thereon, as a home and class-room for the nurses. They will then have free access to the mission hospital and our foreign hospital without leaving the compound, which is an important consideration.

Dr. Gaynor had a great many Chinese friends who will want to help in this. To these, as well as to her friends here and in the home-land we look for such material expression of their interest in the work as will lead to a speedy completion of the enterprise.

This Nurses Home will speak to us of Dr. Gaynor through all the years to come. Looking upon it we shall still feel her cheery presence and in the lives of many girls, let us hope, this beautiful life given so freely for China, may be multiplied a hundred fold.

"With tired hands and aching feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day until 'tis done.
But when the shadows are off the soul,
And struggling, tasked humanity
Hears a voice and sees unroll
The hard wrought history,
Ah, child, that strife Divine,
It was the life of God in thine."

Christian Mission.

LUCY A. GAYNOR, M. D.

Memorial.

PUBLISHED BY THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE NANKING UNION TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES.

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At the April meeting of the Union Nurse School Board, a committee was appointed. consisting of one member from each mission represented, to prepare and publish a memorial for Dr. Gaynor.

Anyone wishing to contribute to the Dr. Gaynor Memorial Fund please send to either of the following persons:

Mr. Elbert L. Benedict, R. F. D., Marengo, Ohio (treasurer of Friends Ohio Board).

By New York draft or domestic money order on Shanghai, payable to Mrs. Wm. J. Drummond, Nanking, China, treasurer of Nurse School Board.

The following gentlemen were appointed to attend to the purchase of the land for the memorial building: A. J. Bowen, W. E. Macklin, M. D., W. J. Drummond. The site has been selected and steps are being taken to secure it.

Resolutions

The following Resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Nanking Union Training School for Nurses, April 29, 1912.

WHEREAS, The all-loving Father has in His wise providence called into higher service our beloved physician, Dr. Gaynor, be it

Resolved, That we here express our high appreciation of the beautiful life lived among us. As a physician, her skill has healed many; as the founder of the Nurses' School, she has inspired her pupils and fellow-workers with the highest ideals of Christian womanhood and service; as a friend to the poor, her love has been unbounded; as a personal friend, we have found in her one whom we could trust, and to-day the people of Nanking join us in mourning her loss. Be it further,

Resolved, That we extend to the members of her family, to the Friends Mission, and to their Mission Board our deep sympathy in the loss of their loved one.

WHEREAS, One of Dr. Gaynor's last expressed wishes was for more commodious quarters for the Nurses' School, and in view of the fact that the building now used has been loaned by the Friends' Hospital and is already over-crowded, be it,

Resolved, That immediate steps be taken toward securing funds for a building for the Nurses' School which shall be a memorial for Dr. Gaynor.

A TRIBUTE

ISABELLA FRENCH DE VOL., M. D.

There is in the hospital a tablet presented to Dr. Gaynor by a patient on which is written in large characters, "She truly had a compassionate heart." It did not require a long acquaintance with her to discover this. It touches one's heart to recall the many and beautiful ways in which it worked out for the comfort of the poor and suffering, and one might add, for the large circle with whom she came in contact. She undertook extraordinary measures to make others comfortable, and accomplished what would have been to many, impossibilities.

The thing that appealed to her was the result to be achieved. Over the difficulties she did not sit down and brood but rose up and met them. She had the very happy faculty of putting before others what could be accomplished. That it was at times at a great sacrifice to herself only those who knew her most intimately could discern.

Giving freely of her strength and means she inspired others to give and directed their gift to the work. It was a difficult matter, a fine art, to induce her to receive a personal gift.

Her abounding love for children endeared her to a host of children—Chinese and foreign. She had a keen insight into the joys and sorrows of the little ones and knew how to enhance the former, soothe the latter. How many children have been quieted in the strong arms of her love. How tenderly she watched over the little ones in the wards or in the home, and if one was taken how deeply she entered into the sorrows of the parents. All these are precious memories that have enriched our lives.

The thing our own children remember about Dr. Gaynor is that she loved them and liked to make them happy and that she was the friend of the Chinese.

One could write on of the many ways in which her compassionate heart found expression but she loved unto death and we feel that the glory of the Lord is her rearward.

Friends Mission, Luh Hoh.

From the China Press

Dr. Lucy A. Gaynor, who had been suffering from typhus fever for three weeks, passed away Sunday morning at 12:30 o'clock. This fever was contracted while working in the Manchu city in connection with the temporary hospital that she had been conducting during the last three months for the poor and destitute in that part of the city, much of the funds for which were contributed by the Cloth Merchants, Guild.

Through these twenty years of loving and devoted service in Nanking Dr. Gaynor has established a name and reputation such as is given to few to achieve. She has been an exceedingly hard worker, for being endowed with unusual physical vigor combined with a strong will and great resourcefulness, she was able to bring things to pass which often to others seemed hopeless. All were constantly inspired by her buoyancy, her optimism, her comradeship. No amount of hard work, no crushing disappointment could daunt her, and she was never so happy as when she was working out some plan to help others. In her earlier days in China it was her greatest delight when after caring for the sick in the wards and the patients in the dispensary, she could mount her donkey and ride out ten to fifteen miles into the country to preach the gospel and to dispense medicine in the country villages.

She was very tactful and successful in dealing with both Chinese and foreigners, able to call out the best from every one, and to inspire all with a desire to work together for any good cause. Her conspicuous ability to accomplish things, her overflowing faith, her great love for all, but especially for the poor and her utter disregard for place or personal preferment all combined to give her a place of unique power and influence in Nanking.

The funeral service was held in the Friends church at 9:30 Monday morning, and in spite of inclement weather many had to be turned away and a large procession followed the remains to the cemetery nearly two miles distant. We extend to her bereaved Mission our deepest sympathy and each one in the whole community has a very deep sense of personal loss.

Shanghai, April 22, 1912.

Nursing

So soon as the seriousness of Dr. Gaynor's case was known, the Board of the Union Nurse School took action, allowing Miss Harris, superintendent of the school, to take charge of the case and requesting that the school should be so far disbanded as to allow the nurses to assist in the case as needed. Two of the native trained nurses were on duty constantly under the supervision of a foreign nurse.

The Presbyterian Mission also allowed their trained nurse, Miss Hyde, to come. She assisted on night work until another nurse could be secured.

The Chinese nurses did valiant service. It is cause for great gratitude that this department of service was so strong, made so, largely, by Dr. Gaynor's own efforts, and ably seconded by all connected with the nurse school project.

Is not this the fast that I have chosen: to loose the bonds of wickedness, to undo the bands of the yoke, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy healing shall spring forth speedily; and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of Jehovah shall be thy rear-ward. Then shalt thou call, and Jehovah will answer; shalt cry, and he will say, Here I am.

If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking wickedly; and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul: then shall thy light rise in darkness, and thine obscurity be as the noon-day; and Jehovah will guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in dry places, and make strong thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not. And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in.—Isa. 58: 6—12, A. R. V.